



"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART, — TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1804.

NOVELIST.

MR. M'DOWELL,

On looking over a bundle of old manuscript papers, which have been of a long time in the possession of our family, I accidentally met with the following beautiful TALE. — Whether it has heretofore appeared in print or not, I will not positively say—I, however, imagine it has not, as it seems to have undergone a number of alterations after it had been written—and I am confident it never was in the possession of a printer. You will please to insert it, and thereby oblige
KITTY.

The SORROWS of AMELIA; or DELUDED INNOCENCE—founded on fact.

THE sun shone in its vernal splendor, when the fair Amelia, accustomed to take a diurnal hour, sallied into the fields to contemplate and admire the beauties of the dawning year. The elegance of the prospect—the fragrance of odoriferous flowers—the resounding noise of a bubbling fountain—the innocent melody of the feathered choir, and the serenity of a beautiful atmosphere, conspired to excite in her tender bosom, the most pleasing and grateful emotions. Regaled by her delightful rambles, she returned to enjoy the sweets of domestic contemplation. With the florid pencil of fancy, she pictured to herself a brilliant scene of uninterrupted delights, at some future period. But, unhappily for Amelia, this was the last of all her pleasures. So transitory is human felicity! She was endowed by nature with every innocent virtue, and fine accomplishment, that could command the admiration and esteem of all her friends and associates.

The elegance of her person attracted and charmed—yet the suavity of her mind surpassed all her external perfections. She was unrivaled in sweetness and tender sensibility, and the gentleness of her bosom illuminated the lineaments of her lovely countenance. — In her infantile years she was deprived of the tender care of parental affection, and her blooming beauty was exposed to the all fascinating snares of artful dissimulation.

The only foible which the delicate Ame-

lia possessed was an unsuspecting breast, to lavish esteem. Unversed in the secret villainies of a base degenerate world, she ever imagined all mankind were as spotless as herself. But, alas! this too fatal credulity, was the source of all her misfortunes.

Scarce had she arrived at her sixteenth year, when the perfidious Alonzo, by his persuasive flattery, and external charms, ensured her susceptible heart, and under the most sacred promises of matrimony, betrayed her female innocence. Ye generous fair, censure not the deluded Amelia, nor withhold the tear of commiseration, for you are sensible that baneful flattery, that the efficacious laudinum, too often seals the eye of juvenile prudence. Her sensibility was too refined to sustain the reproach of a censorious world, therefore she approached death by swallowing a portion of poison. Had she enjoyed the advantages of a kind and faithful monitor, to guide all her actions, and check the little rising weeks of youthful folly, she might have triumphed over the arts of Alonzo, and proved one of the fairest blossoms in the garden of society. This, unhappily, was not her lot. Oh! fair Amelia, peace to thy lovely ashes—may parental myrtles deck thy hallowed tomb—may virgin sisters waft thee to their native skies, and sensibility ever drop a tear at the remembrance of thy misfortune!

As soon as the depraved Alonzo was informed of the death of the amiable Amelia, his breast was filled with poignant remorse; and guilt, with all its infernal retinue, assailed his disordered imagination. The untimely fate of Amelia damped all his enjoyments—for, when the thoughtless career of voluptuousness is over, the gay phantoms of pleasure shine with diminished lustre, and reflection will resume her violated empire. Not all the most licentious scenes of folly, or the vain splendor of pomp and parade, could possibly dissipate the gloom which enveloped his mind; he was haunted with all the solicitude of a persecuted conscience, sensible of his guilt, his mind sunk into a desponding melancholy, which soon put a period to his miserable existence.

Ye who inhale the blushing morn of existence, learn instruction from the fate of

Alonzo, and at the earlier period, check the disposition which would prompt you to spread toils for unsuspecting innocence.—Guilt will destroy the bliss of the seducer, intrude on his morning pleasures, and damp his evening joys.

ESSAYS.

[The following Essays, extracted from the Boston Weekly Magazine, will no doubt be very acceptable to our readers. They are written in a very pleasing style, and on a subject, which every one will allow to be of the first importance.]

THE PASSENGER—No. I.

AS the coach drove up, in which I was to take passage, it had nearly driven over one of a group of children, who had been gambling with cents, and were now too much engaged in a violent dispute to notice the carriage. There were two ladies and three gentlemen in the stage, whose conversation, as I found on taking my seat, had been upon pestilential diseases, and the exertions which had been made to discover and remove their causes. And pray, said an elderly gentleman, to one who appeared to be a citizen, have you a Moral Board of Health in the city? Oh yes, replied the other, it is by their exertions that so much cleanliness is produced, public waggons traverse the city three times a week by their order, to cleanse the streets; our docks are filling up, nuisances of every kind are removed, and even manufactures which require the use of offensive substances, are checked during the heat of the summer months.—You mistake me, sir, said the other, I asked if you had a Moral Board of Health. Did you hear the shocking imprecations which were uttered by those children, some of whom appear to be just emerging from infancy? Did you notice the violence of passion which agitated every muscle, and even deprived them of sense for seeing their danger of being overrun by the carriage? Did you observe that the origin of this infantile mania was Gambling? Are not such spectacles disorders of more alarming import to the moral and physical constitution of society, than any epide-

mic can be to the natural? It is, continued he, undoubtedly wise in the Body Politic, to guard against the contagion of malignant disease, by every measure which human reason can suggest, or experience recommend; and here ceases the feeble power of man; for disease and death are held in the control of Him who placed us in this state of being, and little can be done by mortals to counteract the laws of nature, or the edicts of its author; yet as human endeavors are at times permitted to succeed, that little should not be neglected, nothing should be omitted which presents a probability of removing the cause, resisting the effect, or mitigating the distresses of pestilence: It is undoubtedly sent, not only as the messenger of death but as a trial of our fortitude, an exercise of our rational faculties, which shall call upon guard every energy of the soul. In this light I view all evils which we term natural. From natural evils I distinguish all those which originate in the perverseness of human inclination, by the name of artificial evils, because they are the offspring of art, and by art may be multiplied or reduced; they are sown and cultivated by the art of man, by him they are nurtured to maturity, and he is disgusted with the fruit of his labors. Of this truth we have just seen a demonstration in the rapid growth of evil in the habits of those children, who are but in the early spring of life, what then must their summer and autumn produce?

But you would not prohibit necessary amusement in the education of youth, said the citizen.

Nor would I prohibit necessary food, replied the other; but he who should exhibit arsenic as food to his children, would be considered as a madman; and permit me to assure you, that arsenic is as suitable an ingredient in the food of children as gambling is to constitute a part of their amusements; one poisons the body and the other the mind; but this difference attends their effect, that this mental poison is infectious and the other is not.

And how, sir, said one of the ladies, would you prevent the effects of this poison, or arrest the hand which administers it, since the evil is discoverable at so early a period?

This early discovery, madam, gives the surest mean of extirpation. Could the seeds of those epidemic diseases which infest our cities, be as early discovered, they might be eradicated—or could their remedy as certainly be administered, no city would be deserted in retreating from the contagion. In association and example the seeds of artificial evils are sown: If not extracted on their first appearance, they choke the progress of virtuous and amiable habits, and usurp their place.

Then do you think, sir, (rejoined the lady,) that children may be made what we please by education?

I am of opinion, madam, that no pursuit in life is entirely under the control of man, but that success in some cases depends in a very great measure on his judgment and exertions, cannot admit of a doubt; and of those cases, the government of youth appears to be peculiarly committed to his charge. I will, by a familiar simile, explain my opinion of the extent of our influence in the formation of the human character, by the adoption of just measures in their proper season. The cultivation of the mind has very justly been compared to the cultivation of the earth; and the comparison appears so just, that the parallel may be traced from the commencement to the termination of the productive season in both. The natural soil has its spring, summer, autumn and winter; so has the mental. The natural has its varieties of fertility or aridity from the most productive to the opposite extreme; so has the mental. In the natural, a crop will arise in its season, whether it be cultivated or not, unless the soil be totally barren; just so is it in the mental. So in both will the product of his crop be useless or pernicious, for want of culture, or healthful and salutary from the care of the cultivator. In both, the produce will be more or less abundant, in proportion to the exuberance of the soil and the assiduity of the hand which cultivates. In both, the utmost care of the cultivator cannot prevent some noxious weeds from appearing to demand his address in extracting them. The proper season for removing them is their first appearance, in each case. In both cases tares may be sown by another hand; and justly may we exclaim in either, "An enemy hath done this."

Now it is true that a dearth or a blight may disappoint the hopes of the husbandman, and notwithstanding his utmost vigilance he may reap chaff; yet this instance is so rare, compared with those in which he rejoices in a full harvest, that the spring never involves him in a doubt whether he had best cultivate his grounds, or reap their fortuitous produce in the autumn.

Here the stopping of the carriage interrupted the conversation, which was afterwards renewed, and will be continued in the next number.

MISCELLANY.

MEMORY.

FAR from my native vale, and oppressed with the existing evils of life, my mind wandered into the garden of *Memory* to seek for consolation. She led me to the bank where, in my infancy, I had plucked the earliest flowers to deck my garland of delight. We then entered a grove, where all the companions of my youth were assembled, and the song and the dance went round on the daisy enamelled green. We then retired to a se-

questered spot, where the *Muse* seated herself by my side and taught my faltering tongue to breath the effusion of my soul. Here I beheld *Fame*, high-seated in the clouds, who I thought, beckoned to me, and held a wreath of laurel in her hand. I then visited many a path where the softer *Pas-sions* attended on all my steps: And when *Hope* and *Expectation* joined us in the way and pointed out the distant regions of *Happiness*. Absorbed in this vision of *past time* my mind for a while, forgot its sorrows. The vision was too delicious not to be repeated; until charmed by each sweet remembrance, I resolved to revisit in person the scenes which, in the eyes of *Memory*, appeared so replete with *Enjoyment*!

I arrive!—I retrace them all!—but alas!—what a change!—The hills and the valleys remained, but all beside were so much altered, that they no longer bore resemblance to what *Memory* had represented them! The pastoral stream had been converted into mill ponds, and the groves once dedicated to *Pleasure*, which adorned its margin, were leveled with the ground! "These alterations, said I, may be profitable to a few sordid individuals, but they are death to the sentimental traveller who revisits his paternal fields after years of absence." Almost every habitation had undergone a transformation; and I knew not the people that possessed them! Of those that passed me in my walks, few indeed were the faces which I could recognize! But enumerable were those which I had never seen before; and I was a stranger in my native vale! I inquired after the lovely maids, and the youths who had once formed our circles of happiness, and I was conducted to many an urn raised over the relics of juvenile beauty, and to many a stone that covered the remains of many an untimely departed friend! And all these things had happened within the short period of a few years!

My mind sickened at the view, and I found that *Memory* by preserving the scenes of past enjoyments, does but augment the force of existing evils. I returned pensively home, and invoked sleep to repose my agitated spirit.—Sleep, which, in the absence of positive pleasure, is the first blessing in life.

THE CARNATION.

[From the German of Solomon Gessner.]

AS DORIS was walking in the garden, she perceived near a hedge of yoke elms, a carnation just blown, and variegated with the most brilliant colours. She approached it, and, with a smiling air, her lovely face reclined over the flower. While she inhaled its sweet perfumes, the carnation seemed to kiss her lips. At that sight, I felt my cheeks inflamed, and said—Why cannot I—ah! why cannot I so touch your vermilion

lips!—Doris retired. I approached the carnation.—Shall I pluck thee!—shall I pluck thee, thou fair flower, that has touched her lips! Thy perfumes are more grateful to me than is the dew of heaven to the flowers of the field. I stretched my hand out, eager to gather it, when, on a sudden, to myself I said—What! shall I lay waste the flower that she has cherished? No, Doris shall place thee in her bosom, to meet her breath more fragrant; and thy delicious odours shall rise as the sacred incense mounts to OLYMPUS, when we offer our vows to the goddess of beauty,

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE OSTRICH.

THESE stupendous birds are natives of Barbary, and are the largest of all the feathered tribe.—Their wings are exceedingly strong, but they are too short to enable them to fly, though they serve them as sails, and assist them to run with great expedition. "The Arabs of the desert generally follow the employment of plundering or hunting, the latter of which is most common, and their principal object is the Ostrich, which is there in great abundance. Though these birds are so large, that they cannot fly; yet, by the fluttering of their wings, and the swift motion of their feet, they will, for sometime, run so fast, that it is difficult even for a horse to overtake them; and when they find their pursuers near, they will throw back the stones and sand on them with prodigious force: their great bulk however, at length tiring them out, they are obliged to submit, when their pursuers quickly dispatch them. It has been a generally received opinion of the Ostrich's laying its eggs in the sand, and leaving them to be hatched by the sun; notwithstanding which, a late author affirms, that they sit on their eggs like other birds, and that the male and female take it by turns; that they do not abandon their young immediately after they come out of the shell, but bring them grass, and are very careful in defending them from danger. The notion of their digesting iron,* &c. is a popular error, they only taking up nails and bits of iron, as hens and other fowls do small stones, to assist in comminuting and digesting their food."—Dr. Brooke, in his Natural History, says, "An Ostrich is the most greedy bird that is known, for it will devour any thing given him; however, he does not digest iron and stones, as some have pretended, but voids them whole."

* The stories that are told of Ostriches digesting iron and other hard substances are fabulous. Mr. Pidgeon had one opened, and in its gizzard were found between forty and fifty halfpence, a quantity of nails, glass, small pebbles, &c. some of which he gave me. They were covered with a kind of green matter. They had been thrown into its cage when travelling in different parts of the country.

REMARKABLE.

[We copy the following article from the 'Luzerne Federalist,' of the 1st of September, instant.]

STRANGE—IF TRUE.

AN old gentleman, of venerable appearance, passed through this county a few days since, and gave to a number of our citizens the following information:

That he was from the neighborhood of the Cayuga lake, and just as he started on his journey, he saw a man who informed him that two men were fishing on the lake, when they beheld at a little distance, a monster, in the form of a snake, rise out of the lake, and stretch himself on the bosom of the water. That his appearance was

—"Fierce as ten Furies,
Terrible as Hell!"

That the fishermen, with more than ordinary courage, ventured near enough to reach him with a rifle ball, and both firing at once fortunately dispatched him.

The people of the neighborhood were immediately called together, and the *Aquatic Mammoth* drawn in triumph to the shore.

On an admeasurement it was found to be 103 feet $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, and his size was proportionably great. From his head projected a horn of considerable length. The old gentleman added, that in going into Owego he met three of the inhabitants going out to see the extraordinary creature, and that the skin was to be saved for Mr. Peale's Museum.

There is an Indian tradition that a monster, of the kind described, long inhabited the lake, and they believe it still continues there; they had an idea that it was an evil spirit, and as such they worshipped it.

[As the following very remarkable case of a woman, the daughter of James Chaffin, of Chester county, has, we believe, never been published, an account thereof cannot be unacceptable to our readers.] Phil. Monitor.

THIS woman is about forty years of age, and was born and reared in her father's house, and yet has never been heard to speak to him, but converses freely with any other person. When she was a child her father used to persuade, threaten, and try every method that he could invent, to induce her to speak to him, but they were all ineffectual:—she is not deficient in filial duty, but says, when she attempts to speak to him, she has no power of utterance, this is the only reason that she can assign for her extraordinary taciturnity. The family were well known to the editor; they used to live about four miles from Downing's-town, but have some years since, removed to the western country.

AMUSING.

A NECDOTES.

AN Irish gentleman had a son, who, when nine or ten years of age, was fond of drumming, and once dropt his drum-stick into the draw-well. He knew that his carelessness would be punished, and therefore did not mention his loss; but privately took a large silver punch ladle, and dropped it into the same place. This was a matter to be inquired into. The servants all plead ignorance, and looked with suspicion at each other; when the young gentleman, who had thrust himself into the circle, said, he had observed something shine at the bottom of the draw-well. A fellow was dropped down in the bucket, and soon bawled out from the bottom, I have found the punch ladle—so wind me up—"Stop," roared out the lad, "stop—now your hand's in, you may as well bring up my drum-stick too."

A fellow lately brought before a magistrate in Dublin, on a charge of an assault, candidly acknowledged that he had a hand in kicking the plaintiff down stairs.

IN a provincial paper, there is an account of a marriage having been solemnized between Mr. TICKET and Miss CHANCE. It is to be hoped that they will have a prize between them.

Lancaster, September 12, 1804.

Distant subscribers will please to take notice, that the terms of the HIVE are, pay in advance.

MELANCHOLY.

We have been informed, that, on Sunday last, Henry M'Causland was killed, at the house of William Tweed, in Salisbury township, Lancaster county, by a son of Philip M'Guire, of the same neighborhood—in a drunken frolic.

MARRIED, on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Martin, Doctor James Akerly, to Miss Rachel Steele, daughter of William Steele, Esq. all of Drumore township, in this county.

DIED, on Monday evening, the 3d inst. after eleven days illness, Mr. Elbert H. Halsted, in the 25th year of his age. He was an affectionate brother; and his duty to an aged father is truly honorable to him, and affords a fair example, eminently worthy of the closest imitation. His early death, in the prime of manhood, will make a strong impression on the mind of every thinking youth, who has been taught to look forward to a better world, and to prepare for an immortality.

[Intelligencer.]

To Correspondents.

Crites is informed, that we do not wish to sport with the reputation of our neighbors.

The 'Grave of Hamilton,' is unavoidably postponed 'till our next.

POETRY.

[The following plaintive effusion, which, in sweet and melancholy pathos, rivals any elegiac strains that ever the mourning muse of *Tibullus* breathed forth, is from the pen of *Tibias Smollet*. This specimen of his powers of versification justifies the opinion, that had this versatile genius made poetic fame a favorite object;—he would have been celebrated, not only as an interesting and entertaining novelist, a pungent and caustic satirist, an astute and judicious critic, a profound and erudite philosopher, a learned and elegant historian; but as a great and sublime poet.]

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy?
Monimia, give my soul her wonted rest!—
Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
Heart-knawing cares corrode my pensive breast.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour,
Lead beauty through the mazes of the ball,
Or press her wanton in love's roseate bow'r.

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,
Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around,
Nor wander through the woodbine's fragrant shade,
To hear the music of the grove resound.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew:

There, leagued with hopeless anguish and despair,
A while in silence o'er my fate repine;
Then, with a long farewell to love and care,
To kindred dust my weary limbs consign.

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest?
Strew vernal flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,
And bid the turf lie light upon my breast!

POOR POLLY—THE MAD GIRL.

BY H. W. IRELAND.

POOR *Polly* was mad, and she sigh'd alone,
Her bed the damp turf, and her pillow a stone;
A poor tatter'd blanket envelop'd her form,
But her bosom was bar'd to the pitiless storm;
For alas! in that breast reign'd love's ardent desire,
And she thought the bleak winds might perhaps cool the fire.

Her hair was dishevell'd, & straw bound her head;
And lovely her face, though its roses were fled;
Her notes, though untutor'd by musical art,
Were plaintively wild, and sunk deep in the heart;
And the strains that unceasingly flow'd from her breast,

Was 'the vulture has plunder'd the nightingale's nest.'

Quite frantic I saw her, and pitied her fate;
I wept, and my bosom was swelling with hate;
My curses, perfidious despoiler! were thine;
For remorseless thou fled'st her, & scoff'd at her pain;
Thou alone art the vulture that preys on her brain.

EPIGRAM.

To the Landlord of an Inn, near Bray.

I wonder, friend March, you, who live so near Bray,
Should not set up the sign of the *Vicar*:
Though it might be an odd one, you cannot but say,
It must needs be a sign—of good liquor.

ANSWER.

Should I set up the sign of the *Vicar*, I doubt
My drift might be misunderstood;
Who'd believe that the *Vicar* would dangle without,
If within doors the liquor was good?

MORAL AND USEFUL.

MR. EDITOR,

Doubting not your readiness in giving place to every thing within your power, that would tend, in the least degree, to correct Vice or protect Virtue, I have sent you the following for insertion; it happened in New-York, was there published some years since, and was afterwards republished in Europe, from whence it is now copied by one of your friends and customers.

A GENTLEMAN in the medical line, was some time since requested to visit a patient, and was conducted up three pair of stairs, into a gloomy, shabby, sky-lighted apartment; when he entered he saw two young females setting on the side of a very poorly furnished bed, and without curtains; on approaching, he found one of them nearly in the agonies of death; supported by the other, who was persuading her to take a bit of bread dip't in spirits; but the pale, emaciated figure refused, saying in a feeble, languid voice, it would but contribute to prolong her misery, which she hoped was drawing to an end; and looking at the doctor, said, you have come too late, sir; I want not your assistance, and thus addressed him:—

Oh! could'st thou minister to a mind diseased,
Or stop the access and passage to remorse—

Here she fetched a deep sigh, and drop'd upon the bed—every means of relief was afforded, but in vain; for in less than two hours she expired.

In a small box by the side of the bed, were found some papers, by which it appeared that the young woman was of a good family, and had more than an ordinary education—that she had changed her name, and concealed that of her parents; whom she pitied; and whose greatest fault had been too much indulgence, and a misplaced confidence in the prudence of their favorite daughter.

On the back of some directions respecting her funeral, the following pathetic lines were written: and some little money in the box, was assigned to have them engraved on a tomb-stone—thus:

Verses for my Tomb-stone, if ever I should have one, by a Prostitute and a Penitent.

THE wretched victim of a quick decay
Reliev'd from life on humble bed of clay,
The last and only refuge for my woes
A lost, love ruin'd Female I repose.
From the sad hour I listened to his charms,
And fell, half forc'd, in the deceiver's arms;
To that whose awful veil hides every fault,
Sheltering my sufferings in this welcome vault.
When pamper'd, starv'd, abandon'd, or in drink,
My thoughts were rack'd in striving not to think,
Nor could rejected conscience claim the power,
T' improve the respite of one serious hour.
I durst not look to what I was before,
My soul shrunk back, and wish'd to be no more.
Of eye undaunted, and of touch impure,
Old, e're of age; worn out when scarce mature.

Daily debas'd to stifle my disgust
Of forc'd enjoyment; in affected lust!
Cover'd with guilt, infection, debt, and want,
My home a brothel, and the streets my haunt,
Full seven long years, of infamy I've pin'd,
And fondled, loath'd, and prey'd upon mankind;
'Till the full course of sin and vice gone through,
My shatter'd fabric fail'd at twenty-two;
Then death, with every horror in his train
Here clos'd the scene of naught but guilt and pain!
Ye fair associates of my opening bloom,
O! come and weep, and profit at my tomb;
Let my short youth, my blighted beauty prove,
The fatal poison of unlawful love,
O! think how quick, my foul career I ran,
The dupe of passion, vanity, and man.
Then shun the path where gay delusions shine,
Be yours the lesson—sad experience mine.

CURE FOR THE FLUX.

THIS season of the year being extremely fatal to children, as such numbers of them have been swept away by the flux and cholera, or vomiting and purging, has induced me to solicit the publication of the following remedy for the cure of the above disease:—Oil of pennyroyal, two drops to a table spoonful of molasses, syrup or honey, after being well stirred up, let one tea spoonful be administered every hour until it has the desired effect, which, from experience I can assure the public, will be found in every case of the above disorder to be a speedy and certain cure....For a grown person the dose may be doubled, and given in the same manner.
[Balt. pap.] AN OLD LADY.

THE HIVE.

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LANCASTER, (Penn.)

PRINTED BY

CHARLES M'DOWELL,

AT THE SIGN OF THE "BEE-HIVE," IN
EAST KING-STREET.